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ECONOMY;

AN UNIQUE COMMUNITY.

(THE HARMONY SOCIETY.)



AGNES M. HAYS GORMLY.

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The following sketch was prepared and read by Mrs. Gormly before the Twentieth Century Club of Pittsburgh, and the Womans' Club of the Sewickley Valley, and is published from the original manuscript.

An intimacy extending over three generations of the family, and almost daily contact, with most cordial relations, as nearest neighbors for six years, with the advantage of speaking the German language fluently, gave Mrs. Gormly exceptional opportunity of observing the quaint customs and manners of the Harmony Society, or "Economites," as they were more familiarly called, her impressions from a picturesque and poetic point of view, being here chronicled.

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ECONOMY.

Economy? Not the economy dinned into most of us from our youth up, so suggestive of turned gowns, steamed velvets, cleaned gloves and their host of attendant shabbinesses, but an Economy of old brocades; of precious dark blue "Lafayette" china; of dark dull red brick houses with the velvety look that three score and ten years of sunshine and rain alone could give; of a great stone-walled garden full of all-old world delights, of gleaming lake and clipped box hedges wherein grew luxuriantly the sweet flowers of our grandmothers, and where lavender and wall-flowers elbowed hollyhock and dahlia and ivy clung to the crumbling wall. Great meadows rich with corn and fretted with orchards and vineyards enbosom the village; sometimes one might even see in the shadow of some long-silent factory the profuse beauty of espaliered apricots.

High on the bluff of the Beautiful River dreamed the village under the shade of its fruit trees, and the days slipped by unmarked, except where in the "Friedof" fresh ridges of brown earth or newly springing turf chronicled that Time had taken with him some silvery-haired brother or sister, full of years and good works.

Here Spring brought even gentler rain and lovelier flowers than elsewhere; the ivy sent out its pale green shoots; the streets were showered with falling petals of all tints, from the blush of the peach to the bridal snow of the cherry, and the air was full of pleasant odors.

When Summer came with its early dawns, you might have seen troops of rosy-cheeked boys and girls, each with a tiny three-legged stool, a tin cup and a blue bag—a delicious blue bag as far as color goes, tho' it held nothing more dainty than the prosaic "stuck brod," which was to stay the infant stomach till the noonday meal. Apprentices, these, for this was a celibate community, and the shepherd of this chattering flock, a mild patriarch of at least four-score, habited in coat and trousers of dark faded blue, "a world too wide," his snowy locks surmounted by a "top hat" of straw, plaited a score or two of years ago by the busy fingers of some sister, as she rested from household cares, gravely followed in the rear of the procession.

The currants were to be picked, as had been duly set forth last evening on the black-board which hung on the side of the milk wagon, as it "pursued the even tenor of its way" through the quiet village streets. Next day perchance the cherries, hanging in scarlet masses from the trees lining every sidewalk, are to be gathered, or possibly the stronghold of the "bee-house," on the greensward back of the shoe shop, was to be plundered of its store of sweets.

If it were Autumn, then great carts, piled high with gayly tinted apples, or baskets heaped with the purple of grapes or russet of pears, went creaking by on their way to the huge presses, and the fragrance of crushed fruit penetrated the air of the press house.

Winter snows whitened all the wide still streets, the blue smoke curling from the chimneys, or mayhap an aged face peering over the banks of gay flowers which decked the broad-silled, white-curtained windows of almost every house, would be the only sign of life, unless one chanced on a flock of children chattering on their decorous way to or from school.

Not always were the streets so quiet. Those great empty buildings were once full of life. There was the cotton factory, there the woolen mill, yonder the "silk house," where were woven softest silks, gorgeous brocades and sumptuous velvets. In this quaint low building with walls pierced by horizontal slits, the silk worms lived their short, voracious lives. Here is the quaint hipped-roofed "Music Hall," where the hundreds of members once gathered for solemn love-feast or happy "Harvest Home." A little further on, behind a paling fence almost hidden by rose bushes, rises the long three-doored front of the "Great Rapp House," built by the founder of this Society, for the use of the community heads. Across the street is the church, looking as if taken, clock tower and all, from some Wurtemberg kirsche, while within, the old-world flavor

was even more pronounced. There are the stiff benches, this side for the men, that for the women, separated by a broad aisle, at one end of which is the platform where the preacher sat. At the other end is the choir gallery, white-paneled, where each at an organ sat Sunday after Sunday, Gertrude, the silvery-haired grand-daughter of George Rapp, and the hoary-headed Jacob Henrici, the present head of the community. Along the back were the benches for the aged silk-capped women and blue-coated elders, who sang as they had done for over half a century, slow moving chorals.

It was most pathetic, those thin old voices echoing the songs of their vanished youth. Now and then, from the ranks of the apprentices, one would hear some fresh young voice, recalling what must have been the beauty of the music of fifty years before. The many versed hymn finished, Brother Jacob arose from the organ, opened a little door, descended to the broad, short aisle, and crossed to the platform where he expounded passages from "The Holy Book." To be sure, he quite often interrupted himself to chide some wandering-eyed youth or maiden, or some unlucky sleeping child. Upon the latter fell a fearful punishment. The culprit was marched to a backless bench just in front of the pulpit, between the ranks of men and women, and there in anguished consciousness of many accusing eyes, waited until the long "preaching"

and prayers were at an end. Slowly the congregation filed out, the women in holiday gowns of dark blue silk, a curiously pleated ruffle of white at the throat under the black silk shawls with a rose brocaded border. The silken cap which surmounted all was also blue, with high stiff ribbed crown. Each pair of time-and-labor-worn hands clasped stiffly a hymn book, (printed on their own presses in 1827,) on which was an accurately folded handkerchief and a sprig of mint, fennel or blossom. With friendly greetings they passed through the door leading to the street, the men in dark blue silk coat and trousers, with brocaded vest and archaic beaver top-hats, left by the door at the side of the church which opened on a narrow red-bricked passage way bordered by hollyhocks and dahlias, or whatever the season's flowers might be. Alas, that all this is in the past tense! Carthage no more "delenda est" than Economy.

In those years of Miss Agnes Repplier's "Happy Half Century," beginning in 1775, as we all know, there was great spiritual darkness, especially in Germany, where each petty *koenig* or "Herzog" was arbiter of matters religious as well as material. In Wurtemberg a few were groping for light, called by their fellows fanatics and frowned on by "the powers that were." These mostly believed that the Second Advent drew near, and that 1800 would mark the beginning of Satan's thousand years of imprisonment.

Gradually the number of "seekers after truth" increased. One colony went to Russian Tartary under the same influence which led to the emigration of Rapp and his followers to America, i.e., freedom to worship God according to primitive Christian ways, believing in community of goods and in the speedy coming of the Lord Jesus, under whose leadership the whole world was ultimately to be saved. Another band of similar views was headed by one Goesele, who for his opinions was imprisoned for nine years. Following his release Goesele quickly decided to emigrate to America, and like the Harmonists, as the followers of Rapp were known, founded a celibate community at Zoar, in Ohio. In 1832 Zoar abandoned celibacy and was still further from agreeing with Harmonite views, tho' there was always more or less intercourse and friendly visiting.

To return to Rapp and his flock, numbering more than one hundred families. In 1803 he with three or four leading spirits visited America in search of a location suitable for a colony. Finally they purchased a tract of land near Zelienople, in Butler county, Pennsylvania, and in the Fall of 1804 three ship-loads of colonists came over, most of whom spent the winter in Philadelphia, Baltimore and elsewhere, although a number of the men joined Rapp in the work of building a town. After a winter of great hardships they had made such progress that the rest could follow

them into the village, to which they gave the name of Harmony. Up to this time, while favorably disposed towards the community of goods idea, each family had retained its own property and had borne the expense of emigration. On February 15th, 1805, Rapp and his followers deliberately and solemnly organized into an association on the principle of community of goods. All possessions were thrown into a common stock, those who had wealth agreeing as cheerfully as those who had nothing, to share henceforth all things in common. They adopted a simple and uniform style of dress and built their houses as much alike as possible. Then followed two years of hard labor for men as well as women. Land was cleared and a church, hotel, school-house, mills and barns erected. It was a time to try their souls. Strangers in the land, ignorant of its laws, language and customs, without established credit, and subject to much surmise and slanderous accusations, and of course with some internal friction, their faith and patience were subjected to a severe test, but they trusted in God and persevered, and soon prosperity crowned their efforts.

Under the influence of a fresh religious revival in 1807, they abjured matrimony. This was purely a voluntary sacrifice, not from any pressure of authority from Rapp, nor from a desire to check further increase of population, but from strong religious feeling, in defense of this quoting Matt. XIX-10, 12, 30: "It is not

good to marry," and the one ending "there be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it," and XXII-30, "They neither marry or are given in marriage but are as the angels of God in heaven," and Rev. XIV-4. The same principle was carried out in the disuse of tobacco. Many a beloved long-stemmed porcelain-bowled pipe was consigned to the flames.

In 1814 another emigration was decided on, partly because of the difficulty of transportation, as they were twelve miles from navigation, and also on account of the unfitness of the soil and climate for the successful cultivation of grapes and other fruits to which they desired to give special attention. In June one hundred persons started down the Ohio river in keel boats to make the necessary preparations for colonizing on land in the valley of the Wabash, in Indiana, where they had purchased thirty thousand acres, chiefly unimproved government land, as well as several improved tracts from individuals. They disposed of their property in Pennsylvania at a great sacrifice, about six thousand acres of land with a number of buildings, being sold for one hundred thousand dollars.

New Harmony, Indiana, was soon as flourishing as old Harmony, and they established a fine trade even as far south as New Orleans, and increased rapidly in wealth, becoming quite famous. As a consequence,

additions were made to their number, and in 1817 one hundred and thirty members were received. By the advice of Mr. Rapp the book containing the record of contributions made by any member to the common stock, was burned, "to promote equality." This was the palmy period of the Society which now numbered almost one thousand. Alas for the mutability of earth! The fever and agues of the country carried off many of their number, and they again decided to move, and sold their town at an immense sacrifice, this time to Robert Dale Owen, who was then head of a community in Lenark, Scotland. Having built a steamboat, in 1825 they removed in detachments to their final settlement at Economy, Pa. Again they knew hardships and tremendous labor, but they had at last found a beautiful location and fertile soil.

A town of sixty-foot-wide streets, intersecting at right angles, forming squares of two and three-quarters acres was laid out, in the corners and midway between, houses were built giving ample space for the gardens of the various families. The houses were mostly of brick, two stories high, gable to the street and door opening at the side into the yard. One pretty feature was the way the grape vines were grown on the houses. No branch was allowed to form until the second story was reached, where a trellis about four feet wide ran clear around the house and on that the vine was carefully trained.

Once more prosperity smiled on their flocks and broad fields, each with two or three giant trees left standing to shelter man or beast from midday heat, the factories were driven by steam, and a large reservoir supplied water through pipes to the houses, and to great troughs for the cattle. Soon after the settlement a few silk worms were sent to Mr. Rapp, and although an experiment, was engaged in with zeal, as it would give easy employment to children, aged people and women. Mulberry trees were planted in large numbers and soon quantities of raw silk were produced. Swiss, French and English experts were employed, under whom, looms made by one of the members—George Bauer—were set up, and ribbons, velvets, brocades and soft silks were woven. Miss Gertrude Rapp drew the patterns for the different designs. They had a pottery, wove baskets which survive to this day, and the blankets and cottons manufactured here found ready sale in Pittsburgh and elsewhere. At this time Lafayette made his tour, and Miss Gertrude and one of her companions, Pauline, attended the ball in Pittsburgh, given in his honor. Another distinguished visitor, the Duke of Saxe-Weimer, came to Economy in 1826, and I feel justified in quoting from his writings:

“At the inn, a fine large frame house, we were received by Mr. Rapp, the principal at the head of the community. He is a grey-headed and venerable old

man; most of the members emigrated twenty-one years ago from Wurtemberg, along with him. The warehouse was shown us, where the articles made here for sale or use are preserved and I admired the excellence of all. The articles for the use of the Society are kept by themselves, as the members have no private possessions, and everything is in common, so must they in relation to all their wants, be supplied from the common stock. The clothing and the food they make use of is the best quality. Of the latter, flour, salt meat, and all long-keeping articles are served out monthly, fresh meat, on the contrary, is distributed as soon as killed, according to the size of the family. As every house has a garden, each family raises its own vegetables and some poultry, and each family has its own bake-oven. For such things as are not raised in Economy, there is a store provided from which the members, with the knowledge of the Directors, may purchase what is necessary, and the people of the vicinity may do the same.

Mr. Rapp finally conducted us into the factory again, and said that the girls had especially requested this visit, that I might hear them sing. When their work is done they collect in one of the factory rooms to the number of sixty or seventy, to sing spiritual and other songs. They have a peculiar hymn-book, containing hymns from the old Wurtemberg collection, and others written by the elder Rapp. A chair was placed for the old patriarch, who sat amidst the girls, and they commenced a hymn in a very delightful manner. It was naturally symphonious, and exceedingly well arranged. The girls sang four pieces, at first sacred but afterwards by Mr. Rapp's desire, of a

gay character. With real emotion did I witness this interesting scene. Their factories and workshops are warmed during the winter by means of pipes connected with the steam engine. All the workmen, and especially the females, had very healthy complexions, and moved me deeply by the warm-hearted friendliness with which they saluted the elder Rapp. I was also gratified to see vessels containing fresh sweet-scented flowers, standing on all the machines. The neatness which universally reigns, is in every respect worthy of praise."

Now the serpent creeps into this earthly paradise. As early as 1829 a letter had come to the trustees announcing that one, known as Count Leon, who claimed to be a divine messenger, indeed who was later spoken of in terms only applicable to the Messiah, had heard of Rapp and the Society and expressed great reverence for them, and a belief that America was not included in the field on which the prophetic judgments were to fall, and that Rapp's Society was honored with being fore-runners of the Church of the "first born." He proposed to bring with him a company of his own followers, with a view either to joining himself to the Harmony Society or to the forming of a separate community on kindred principles, as might seem best. He enquired concerning the quality and price of lands and the suitability of locations. The pious tone of this letter impressed Rapp favorably and an encouraging answer was returned. Nothing

more was heard of Leon until October, 1831, when a letter was received, saying he had just arrived in New York with about forty persons, and desiring to know whether they could be accommodated at Economy during the winter. An affirmative answer was promptly sent Count Leon, and the party came on immediately, Leon assuming much state, remaining in Pittsburgh until he dispatched two of his suite as heralds. Economy was in a great state of anticipation, as the minds of the people had been prepared by Father Rapp's preaching on the advent of such a wonderful personage. A formal reception was prepared for him. As soon as the coach in which he rode drew near the town, it was saluted with a burst of music from the band stationed on the balcony of the church tower. The Count was met at the hotel by Mr. Rapp, who probably wore his coat of state, (plum colored velvet, lined with pale blue silk,) and escorted to the church, where the community had assembled. Leon entered with pomp and circumstance attended by his Minister of Justice, who wore a full military dress, even to a sword suspended at his side. A sword in Economy ! He was shown into the pulpit by Mr. Rapp, all eyes fixed upon him, all ears eager to hear his wondrous message. But alas, instead of solemn prophecy, he only said "This meeting is the most important since the creation, and henceforth all sorrows and troubles of the Lord's people will cease, and that my heart is

too full of emotion for utterance."

Mr. Rapp in a few cool and cutting words replied that he doubted as to whether the happy period anticipated by the Count had yet arrived, and then dismissed the assembly.

Five houses were assigned to Leon and his followers, a few boarding at the hotel paying their expenses. As yet Rapp and his people knew nothing of the real character of these strangers, but some of the discerning ones soon began to form unfavorable opinions. Meetings between the leading men on both sides were held for a month, the more Rapp learned of Leon's views the more he disliked them. He believed in the subjection of the flesh, Leon favoring high living and dress and did not frown on matrimony. Soon it was evident there could be no union between the two Societies, and Leon and his party would have been asked to leave but for the inclemency of the season. Alas, permitted to remain and mingle with the members, they soon spread dissatisfaction in the workshops and elsewhere. It was more than whispered that Leon was a man of extraordinary capacity, even capable of making gold out of the rocks about them. He held levees in the evening and many a young pulse beat the faster for the promise of better fare and clothes, less work and above all, matrimony. A paper was drawn up and published in the newspapers, in which Leon was mentioned as the future head of the

Society, and outstanding bills were to be sent to him. This was signed by two hundred and fifty men, women and children. A counter paper was prepared, signed by five hundred of the faithful, and the village was rent with dissention. It seemed almost as if the community was on the verge of dissolution, but the old and tried members still "trusted in God and went forward." The burning question was how to get rid of the treacherous guests and their followers. The law would be far too slow, and a compromise was agreed upon. The adherents of Leon, once members of the Society, were to withdraw, leaving Economy in three months, relinquishing all claims on the property of the Society, taking with them only personal clothing, furniture, etc., in consideration of the sum of one hundred and five thousand dollars, to be paid in three installments within the year. Leon and his suite were to leave in six weeks. The malcontents purchased the village of Phillipsburg, (now Monaca,) and eight hundred acres of land, ten miles below Economy, on the opposite side of the river. Here they organized themselves into a society on communistic principles, but allowing matrimony. In a year's time their expenditures far exceeded their income, including the sum received from Economy. Finding themselves in debt they called on the Count to exercise his power of making gold. He is said to have erected a laboratory and made the attempt. A small portion of gold ap-

peared but how it got into the crucible was not explained. Furious against his Countship, he allays their wrath by persuading them to make another demand on the Harmony Society. As they had no hope of legal aid they adopted a summary process. April 2, 1833, a mob of eighty persons entered Economy, took forcible possession of the hotel, and laid their demands before the Society in a most insulting document. The demands were promptly rejected, all members of the Society remaining quietly in their houses. The mob then attacked the Great House, but found it barricaded, so returned to the hotel where they drank all the liquor they could find. In the meantime the neighbors gathered and reasoned with the Harmonists, and they roused in good worldly fashion and drove the invaders from the town, with the fife and drum playing the "Rogue's March." The seceders now fell on Leon and he and some of his followers were quietly shipped on a keel boat to Alexandria, on the Red river in Louisiana, where he died of cholera in 1833. All this trouble was in the end, the best thing that could have happened for the Society, the discordant element that had caused the friction spoken of, was eliminated and Economy went on its peaceful way.

George Rapp had but two children—Rosina, who died unmarried, and John, who died of consumption in 1812, leaving one child, Gertrude, born the year celibacy was adopted. Frederick, whose real name

was Reichert, was an adopted son and a genius. He it was who planned the great garden, with its pond, grotto and statue. He engineered the purchase of the Basse paintings, and collected the articles in the museum which occupied the lower floor of the Music Hall, also his work, and the wine cellars beneath, whose vaulted stone roof is a lasting monument to his cleverness.

Having had enough of hard, even if historical facts, suppose you slip back the tale of years until twenty-five are gone, and then come with me to Economy for a day or two.

We climb the steep ascent from the station, stopping at the top for a look at the old blanket and cloth mill just in front of us, see the bit of Frederick Rapp shown in the laurel wreath carved on the lintel around the date 1828, exclaim as you must, over the beauty of the river view, and then we trudge on, carrying our own packages, there being no porters here, past the wall of the Great House, and along the church square, greeting any brother or sister you may meet shuffling along in capacious shoes, or cautiously closing one of the picket gates that guard each door-yard. That hole beside the post is for the chickens or pussy at will. Sometimes there are two holes, one for the cat the other for the kittens. Just ahead of us is the Economy hotel, with Andy, the hostler, sitting on the bench outside the door. He looks much like a feather-

less parrot dressed in Economy clothes, and is a trifle short tempered, but we call "Morgen," and step through the door almost into Joseph's arms. And what a greeting, and what questions! How are the Gormlys, and the Kings, and the widow Hays? And his white curls shine in the sunlight, and then a fat little figure dashes at us and actually puts his arm around us. He looks exactly like a very fat Cupid grown aged and bald, and is David the waiter, who almost cries with joy to see us. A door opens at one side of the long entry and before us stands Melena, dressed in the workaday costume of the "sisters," blue wolsey, faintly striped with red, short waisted, high shouldered, full skirted, a bewitching attempt at "surplice neck" is decorously filled in with exquisitely plaited linen ruffles and bounded in by a gayly bordered blue silk 'kerchief. A long black apron falls to her comfortably shod, very large feet, while the dearest old face, wrinkled, yet rosy, with soft blue eyes beams on us from a frame of high crowned blue cap. Her greeting brings Semira, stately enough for an empress, from her house-keeping, and then Rosie, grotesquely plain, (she looks just like a red earthen-ware crock,) and the helpers all come in and make us welcome, and we go up the stairs into a rather stuffy room but hurry back so as to do some sight-seeing before dinner, Joseph gravely warning us not to be late, as "we waits for nobody," and they do not. Let us go first to the laundry,

noting as we pass, curious slits about nine inches long in the side of an old building. That was the silk house where the eggs were hatched, the hungry little worms feeding on mulberry leaves, "cut as fine as needles," until they become large hungry worms, weaving their heads from side to side as they audibly devoured the leaves almost as fast as the girls could feed them, until they fell into a semi-stupor, in which they wove themselves into a silken winding sheet, dreaming perchance of the lovely butterflies they were soon to become. Alas, that dream must soon be dispelled by the scalding water into which they were flung, where now began a task, trusted to skilled hands alone. The women took bunches of slender rods, somewhat like small brooms, and catching the end of the boiled cocoon deftly pulled and twisted until the silken thread ran smoothly off, ready for the reel. That desolate empty house across the street is where Count Leon, charlatan, deluder and deluded, lived during his disastrous visit, and the story runs that in all these years since his ignominious departure it has lain idle.

And now we are at the door of the great steam laundry. It seems an anachronism to see these swiftly running leather belts and revolving cylinders managed by our capped and 'kerchiefed friends, and to hear the panting of the steam engine 'mid the clatter of a dozen Wurtemberg tongues, for here Sybilla and Dorathea, Christina, Regina, Beata and several others

are superintending their white wash, the machines do the rest. Come over here, where the set tubs are in a long row under the windows for the colored wash. Everything is up to date but the clothes, (Economy had water works before Allegheny City had,) and do not be frightened if Rica snatches at your tender hands and rubs them quickly up and down the wash-board, with a contemptuous "Soh! zu klein!" Do not cast envious glances at the lovely dark green pitchers and little kins with one high handle, such as a stage milk-maid might carry. They are full of soft soap, lately made in the big copper boiler in the corner.

As we walk along you notice what a dog-less town this is. To be sure the watchman has a mongrel companion on his nightly rounds, who spends his days galloping mildly at the end of a rope, strung trolley-fashion on a wire stretched between the grist mill and "the house that Jack built," in other words the huge granary where are to be found the malt, rats and cat of the ballad, while the cow with the crumpled horn feeds with many companions in the adjoining meadow.

Suppose we walk to the grist mill, along the river street. Across the beautiful river rise the green and wooded hills, cleft so picturesquely by ravines, against a Spring blue sky; above us the cherry trees are in bloom and the humming of the bees is the only sound at first, 'till with it mingles a curious pastoral, and we note the ba-a-ing of many baby lambs. A "Schon

nicht wahr," makes us aware that we have a new companion, and the dearest copy of Louis the Sixteenth, even to the curly head powdered like a wig, stands by us, smiling at our enjoyment. 'Tis Johann Wirt, the miller, and he nods and bids us "Herein," and under the wide low stone archway, with 1825 cut into its keystone, we pass into a most picturesque interior. The floor is of clean grey flagstones, worn by the tread of busy feet; great wooden pillars support the low ceiling, and a gentle sound of slow grinding greets our ears, as with pride Johann shows us the revolving millstones and the trickle of golden meal. It is etiquette to take some in your fingers and to say how much better and sweeter it is than the corn meal offered for sale in city stores. With a smile of recollection, indulgent of my usual idiocy, Johann says "Herauf?" and we climb a wide wooden stair into another big, low room, bare, save for the wooden hopper piled high with corn, that feeds the stones below, and for piles of empty bags dating some of them back to 1810 and 1815, and with a sigh of joy we sit on the floor in the wide outer doorway and drink in the view and listen to the lamb voices with an obligato of bird song and a rumble of bass from the grinding beneath us, and we read bits from Herman and Dorothea, and our shabby Tennyson and know that we are in Arcady, until the church bell warns us that if we wish to escape Daniel's wrath we must fly to our dinner.

You must first take a look at the old cotton mill directly back of the grist mill, with a big 1829 on its gable. Bare and silent these long years, many a web of cloth was woven here by the girls who sang to the Duke of Saxe Weimer.

The table service at the hotel is primitive, although David does lean over your shoulder and beg you to eat a little more. Everything is plentiful and clean, but the meat is all boiled and the soup queer, with pitchers of delicious milk and dishes of fresh-laid eggs, plenty of jellies, (very good, unless Mr. Henrici has had some inspiration in the preserving line,) cucumbers stewed in cream, and snowballs, an apothosized doughnut. You are expected to eat, not talk, and to leave the table as soon as you have finished. and it is bad manners to leave anything on your plate. We hurry out into the pleasant air again and soon find ourselves beside the long facade of the Great House with its three front doors. The lower one is where we knock. That ding in the door does look as if once in a while some one "made a night of it," but really it was made by years of tapping of Mr. Henrici's horn-handled umbrella. Now half the door swings open and a rosy shiny face appears. "Yes, Miss Rapp is at home, and will you be seated?" It is a long room where we wait her coming. A row of rush-bottom chairs stands stiffly against the outer wall, the beautiful "Colonial" mantel bears four vases of wax fruit, (the work

of Miss Gertrude's and Pauline's hands,) and a fine old gilt clock, beneath which is a joy of a Franklin stove. At the side is a lovely little mahogany work-table, then a door over which hangs a fine copy of the "Ecce Homo," with two pianos at right angles, each covered with dark blue silk of home manufacture. Over them hang Benjamin West's replica of his "Christ Healing the Sick," and a lovely "Nativity," said to be by Raphael Mengs. But here is our hostess, and a dear little gentlewoman in the simple dress of the Society, bids us welcome, and we talk of the relations in town and the flowers in the garden, when Miss Gertrude excuses herself, and in a few minutes re-enters with a tray of wine glasses through whose facets you see a ruby liquor. Then she opens a long narrow closet door in the chimney corner and piles ginger cakes on a pink "Adams" plate, and serves you, and you sip the currant wine, (sometimes it is quince-cordial, fit for the gods,) and we discuss the ivory carvings hanging above us and the wonderful old prints on the wall, and Miss Gertrude says, "Perhaps you would like to visit the garden," and with her broad-brimmed hat tied under her chin, leads the way to the loveliest old-fashioned garden. We walk between clipped box hedges that guard beds where ranks of Mary lilies stand in the midst of sweet scented blossoms, with sentinels of giant scarlet tulips. Then through another grassy path bordered by stiffly pruned

standard roses, each a bouquet in itself, and before us is the pride of Economy—the fish-pond ; we cross the still waters, where the gold-fish play in shoals, by a plank to the island where in 1827 Frederick Rapp built a stone summer-house, all set around with green. A winding lattice-enclosed stairway leads to the flat roof where on Sunday afternoon and holidays the band plays. A gurgle of water calls attention to a pipe where a fountain was intended to play, but some of the practical brothers found that the flow would lessen too much the amount necessary for the houses and barns, so the project was given up and the statue of Harmony removed to the grotto. We pass various sorts of arbors, with many recesses, all vine-clad, ideal spots for lovers' meetings, (That we should think such things here !) with secret doors, that, when you have found them, let you into a cage-like retreat, with benches and tables where the inner man might be refreshed. Beyond is the rough stone wall ivy-mantled and crested with a mass of "hen and chickens" house-leek. Would not Henriette Bonner go wild over the big black cat that basks there in the sun, in almost conscious pride of satin fur and panther pose ? A bed of sweet scented purple and white violets and lilies of the valley lies under the shelter of the wall, and in the Spring the fragrance is wonderful. But here we turn to the Grotto, built of stones full of fossils and with a door cunningly contrived of bark without sign

of hinge or handle, and here is another point of etiquette. You must wonder, audibly, how you get in, but the door does swing open and we stand before the big statue of "Harmony," once intended as a fountain. In her finger tips you can see the holes, out of which water was to have played upon her lyre. On the walls are tablets, recording the founding of Harmony, New Harmony and Economy, and the birth and death of George Rapp. 'Tis an artless place, (in every sense,) and yet in a way impressive. As we have walked along, Miss Rapp and her gardener have been cutting flowers right and left, and as we take leave each of us has a boquet given her. Were any like them ever seen out of Economy? A tall pyramid in form, in design more than a little stiff. With a quiet "Auf Wiederschen," we go out of the side gate beside the tall wooden pump, where another formality is to be observed. We take hold of the iron handle with the big brass ball on the tip, and swing it up and down until the water gushes from the spout, then from the tin cup we drink, germs and all, to the health of Economy.

Of course you want to see the bakery whence came the ginger cakes you ate at the Great House. The narrow path leading to it is bordered always with flowers, snow-drops in early Spring, then sweet-scented violetts and doffodils, on in Summer successions until tiny button chrysanthemums shine through Winter

snows. Is not that the cleanest room you ever saw ? See the long rows of straw baskets where each loaf sat brooding until it made up its mind to round itself into a lovely hemisphere. There is the long-handled paddle on which the loaves, one by one, made their journey to the oven's darksome cavern. Here is a pile of crusty rolls, there a pyramid of ginger-cakes, and now, blushing under our fire of questions and exclamations, the presiding genius, Buble, emerges from the shadows, rosy, dusty with flour, but shining clean. The only word in his vocabulary seems to be "Ja, ja," but his smile, as he puts a hot ginger-cake into our hands, makes amends for lack of words.

Now the shadows are quite long and at a distance is a sound, faint but momentarily stronger, and shortly the lowing herd, fifty or sixty strong, wind slowly down the street to the barns, and we turn our faces hotelward, to a supper of more eggs, honey, fried potatoes, and the best of butter, and bread not long from the bake-shop,. A little chat with Melena and Semira on the back porch, and then Daniel comes and glares at us until we are forced to feel sleepy, and before the clock strikes nine. (no one sits up later than that, and the watchman and his mongrel have already made one round). The open windows have driven away all stuffiness, and in the exquisite freshness and fragrance of the air that blows from the river we fall asleep, to be awakened by Daniel thumping along the hall to

read the thermometer, even tho' our watches only mark five. 'Tis no use trying to sleep, (although it is Sunday,) hundreds of roosters are crowing, swallows are darting and twittering past our windows, and at an early hour we breakfast, take a walk to the Blaine house and then go to church with Melena and Semira. In the vestibule we find scrupulously clean benches on which an aged sister may rest from the fatigue of half a square, nod gravely and pass to the big auditorium beyond, its ceiling painted in Heaven's own blue. Dare we look around, you would see a balcony over the door we entered. That is where in byegone days the band played on Easter or "Pfingst." A gentle rustle and Miss Gertrude slips in, opens the door in the white paneling of the organ platform, and sits before one organ, Mr. Henrici and Mr. Lentz—splendid Jonathan, who looks as if he had been a soldier—stride in, Mr. Henrici slams his door and takes a seat at another organ, and in a moment you are carried to the earthly Fatherland on the wings of an old choral, whose many verses, as you follow them in the time-yellowed hymn-book, make you think of the Fatherland above. Rather defiantly Mr. Henrici reads from the Holy Bible, and although you may listen to part of his practical sermon, interspersed with remarks on the conduct of some girl who dared to fan herself with her handkerchief, or some equally obnoxious action, you watch the trees swaying beyond the curtained

windows and hear the "murmuring of innumerable bees" without, and think how easy it would be to "be good" in this place of peace. Going out of church very demurely, you may nod in the vestibule, but once on the pavement under the big trees, you may ask for Marie's bad leg, or Daniel's rheumatism or Regina's garden, or even of so unchurchly a subject as Jechli, the watchmaker's black and white cat.

Death was robbed of much of its sting in Economy, and as one looked at the peaceful face in its setting of fold on fold of fair white linen, (the white robes made ready for the "Second Coming" were used as shrouds) you could think "The best of life is yet to be." The curious hexagonal casket of plain dark boards was carried to an even more curious, narrow hearse and drawn by one horse down the grass-grown street to the "Fried hof" under the apple trees, followed by the friends on foot, each carrying a few sprigs of rosemary or of flower. (That is one reason why Economy windows were always full of flowers in Winter.) Standing by the open grave a hymn was sung, a few words said, and in a little while another mound, unmarked except by a shrub planted by loving hands, was added to those who were, the grave being known by a number in a book kept for many years. I have before spoken of conventions being even here, and no where could this be seen than in these last rites. Unless you were bidden to the house of mourning you

did not venture to appear there, but if a letter signed by the trustees announced in formal terms that Sister Marie Dihm had been called home, and that your presence was desired at the services, you hastened to put on your simplest dress, (NOT black,) and flowers in hand joined the procession which walked to the Gottesacre, and as you cast into the open grave your bit of bloom, there was in your worlding's heart a great longing for the peace which the Harmonists found in industrious, frugal, God-fearing, mankind-loving Economy.



AGNES MILNOR HAYS GORMLY
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